

OLD DAME TROT
AND HER
COMICAL CAT.



W WALKER & SON, OTLEY.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



THE Old Dame went to Brook-Green Fair,
And Puss accompanied her there.
When they arrived upon the ground,
Great was the noise which did abound :
Music and dancing had begun ;
The Fool was striving to make fun.
" Look yonder, Tib," the Old Woman said,
" The Fool is dancing with the Maid ! "

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



When they had reach'd home from the fair,
They each sat down upon a chair,
And chatted until late at night,
O'er things they'd view'd with great delight.
"Old Dame," said Tib, "can't you and I
Dance as well as they? come, let us try:"
Then they with glee did caper round,
'Till each fell prostrate on the ground

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



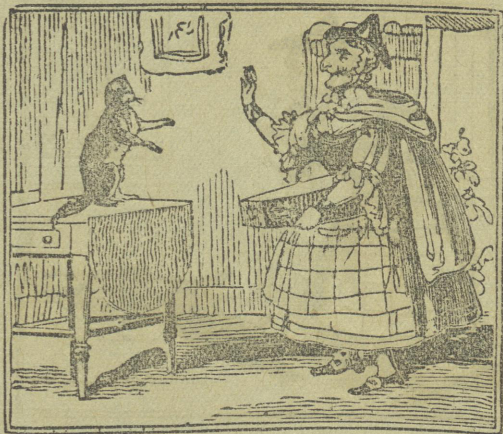
“Look here, my Puss!” said Old Dame Trot,—
“These fish will suit you, will they not?
I know that you are fond of fish,—
I ’ll cook them nicely in a dish;
Then you and I on them will dine,
And then we ’ll take a glass of wine,
And afterwards we ’ll both walk out:”
“We will!” said Puss, and jump’d about.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



The following day, Dame Trot went out
To purchase them a dish of Trout ;
But when she home return'd again,
No tongue can tell her grief and pain ;
For, when she had unlock'd her door,
She found Tib dead upon the floor :
She spread her hands, and groan'd and sigh'd,
And wish'd that she with Tib had died.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



‘ We ’ll both,” said she, “ lie in one grave ;
A decent funeral Puss shall have.”
So she for her a coffin bought,
Which to her home with tears she brought ;
But when she saw Tib sat upright,
To her it was a joyous sight ;
Her heart, but recently so sad,
Was then beyond all measure glad.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



The following day to Puss she said,
"I'll purchase you a cake of bread ;
You're fond of that and milk, I know ;
I'll fetch you some warm from the cow "
When she brought in the jug of milk,
She found Tib sewing crimson silk !
One like her surely ne'er was known ;
I ne'er knew one, I frankly own.

DAME TROT AND HER OAT.



On taking Tib a Cherry Tart,
The Dame found her drest up quite smart,
In tippet, frock, and Leghorn bonnet,
Which made her glad, depend upon it.
And now the story 's at a close ;
You thought it droll, I do suppose ;
But I do n't vouch it as a truth :
It 's all a fiction, writ for youth !

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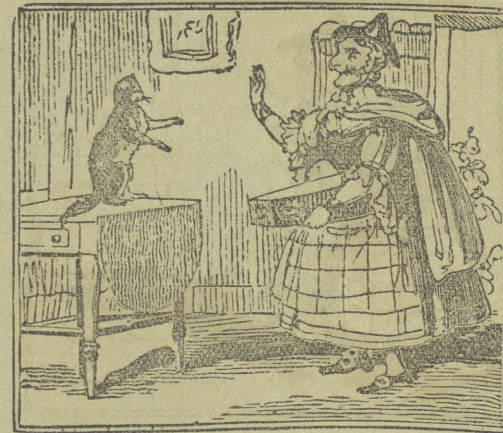
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